Single Songbook

Bindur #5

Title: 48 and FIS Songbook

Author:

Branch of Service: Our Force

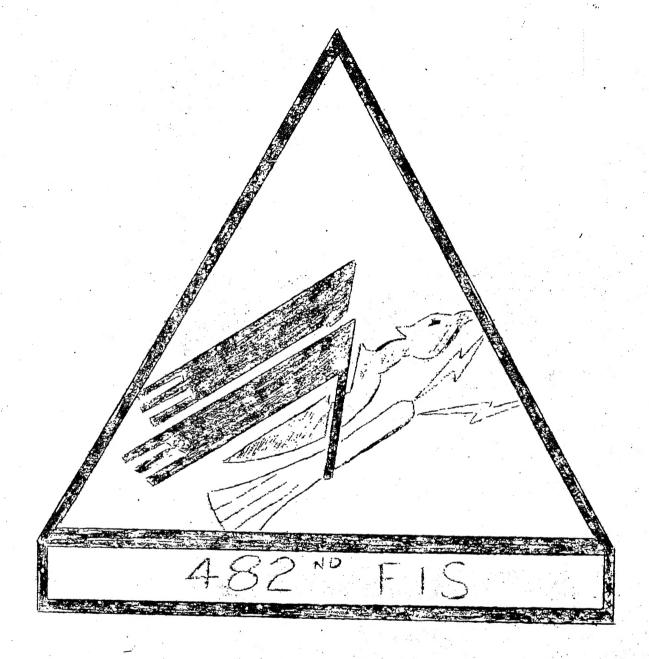
Unit/Agency: 48and Fighter Interceptor Squadron (Fis)

Date:

Places

Source: BC.B:11 Getz collection

Note: No table of contents 13 pages total (Includes WWII and SAC)



SONG BOOK

EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

YOU COULD HEAR THOSE DARKIES SINGINN:
IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT
YOU COULD HEAR DE BANJO RINGIN:
HOW THE OLD FOLKS WOULD ENJOY IT
THEY WOULD SIT ALL NIGHT AND LISTEN
AS WE SANG IN THE EVENING BY THE

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY
ALL COVERED WITH SNOW,
I LOST MY TRUE LOVER
COME A COURTIN' TOO SLOW.
A COURTIN'S A PLEASURE
BUT PARTING IS GRIEF
AND A FALSE HEARTED LOVER MOONLIGHT.

THE VIRGIN STURGEON (Tune of Ruben and Rachel)

CAVIAR COMES FROM THE VIRGIN STURGEON SHE'LL HUG YOU AND KISS YOU THE VIRGIN STURGEON'S A VERY FINE FISH AND TELL YOU MORE LIES, THAN THE CROSS TIES ON THE RAILROAD OR THE STARS IN THE SKY. EFED CAVIAR TO MY GIRL FRIEND SHE WAS A VIRGIN TRIED AND TRUE NOW MY GIRL FRIEND NEEDS NO URGIN! THERE ISN'T ANYTHING SHE WON'T DO

GRA NDMA HE HAD CHASED HER UP A TREE.

LITTLE MARY WENT SLEIGH RIDING AND THE SLEIGH TURNED UPSIDE DOWN LITTLE MARY STARTED SINGING

NINE MONTHS LATER THERE WAS HELL TO PAY WHEN YOU SMILE IT'S DELIGHTFUL WHO FIRED THE SHOT, THE BLUE OR THE GRAY. WIEN YOU TALK IT'S SO INSANE

IF YOU KNOW ANOTHER VERSE LEAD OUT. WE'LL FOLLOW.

GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME STROLLING DOWN THE SHADY LAND WITH YOU BABY MINE SHE HOLDS YOUR HAND AND YOU HOLD HERS AND THAT'S A VERY GOOD SIGN THAT SHE'S YOUR TOOTSY-WOOTSY IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME.

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY

IS WORSE THAN A THIEF. FOR A THIEF WILL ROB YOU AND TAKE WHAT YOU HAVE, BUT A FALSE HEARTED LOVER WILL SEND YOU TO YOU GRAVE.

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

IT'S THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING WE'VE DANCED THE WHOLE NIGHT THRU

I FED CAVIAR TO MY GRAMPA
HE WAS A MAN OF NINETY-THREE
SCREAMS AND SHRIEKS WERE HEARD FROM

WE'VE DANCED THE WHOLE NIGHT THRU
AND DAYLIGHT SOON WILL BE DAWNING,
JUST ONE MORE WALTZ WITH YOU.

THAT MELODY SO ENTRANCING SEEMS TO BE MADE FOR US TWO, I COULD JUST KEEP RIGHT ON DANCING FOREVER, DEAR, WITH YOU.

SCATTER BRAIN

MASSA'S IN THE COLD COLD GROUND. YOU'RE AS PLEASANT AS THE MORNING THE MAILMAN CAME ONE SUNNY MORNING
THE POLICEMAN CAME THE VERY NEXT DAY

AND REFRESHING AS THE RAIN,
ISN'T IT A PITY
THAT YOU'RE SUCH A SCATTER-BRAIN STILL IT'S CHARMING CHATTER, SCATTER-BRAIN I KNOW I'LL END UP APOPLECTIC BUT THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO IT'S JUST THE SAME AS BEING IN A HURRICANE, AND THOUGH MY LIFE WILL BE TOO HECTIC I'M SO MUCH IN LOVE WITH YOU NOTHING ELSE CAN MATTER YOUR RE MY DARLING SCATTER-BRAIN!



OLD MAN RIVER

ROLLING ALONG

COTTON

AN DEM DAT PLANTS EM IS SOON FORGOTTEN I WANT A GIRL JUST LIKE THE GIRL BUT OL MAN RIVER, HE JUST KEEPS ROLLIN

YOU AND ME, WE SWEAT AND STRAIN BODY ALL ACHIN: AND RACKED WID PAIN GT. A LITTLE DRUNK AN YA LAND IN JAIL

AM GETS WEARY AND SICK OF TRYIN

AM TIRED OF LITTLE AND A GOOD OLD EAST TO THE TOTE DAT BARGE, LIFT DAT BALE AM GETS WEARY AND SICK OF TRYIN

A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED BEER

WITH LOTS OF FCAM

BUT OL MAN RIVER HE JEST KEEPS ROLLIN

IT TOOK SIX MEN TO CARRY DADDY HOME ALONG.

THE BELL OF ST. MARY'S

THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S

AH, HEAR THEY ARE CALLING
THE YOUNG LOVES, THE TRUE LOVES
WHO COME FROM THE SEA

AND SO MY BELOVED
WHEN RED LEAVES ARE FALLING
THE LOVE BELLS SHALL RING OUT, RING OUT
FOR YOU AND ME.

SHINE ON, SHINE ON HARVEST MOON
OUTDOORS AND SPOON
SO SHINE ON, SHINE ON HARVEST MOON
FOR ME AND MY GAL. THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

MY WILD IRISH ROSE THE SWEETEST FLOWER THAT GROWS YOU MAY SEARCH EVERYWHERE BUT NONE CAN COMPARE WITH MY WILD IRISH ROSE MY WILD IRISH ROSE THE DEAREST FLOWER THAT GROWS AND SOME DAY FOR MY SAKE SHE MAY LET ME TAKE THE BLOOM FROM MY WILD IRISH ROSE.

AFTER THE BALL

AFTER THE BALL IS OVER AFTER THE BALL.



OL MAN RIVER, DAT OL MAN RIVER
HE MUST KNOW SUMPIN BUT DON'T SAY

THAT MARRIED DEAR OLD DAD
SHE WAS A PEARL AND THE ONLY GIRL ROLLING ALONG
HE DON'T PLANT TATERS, HE DON'T PLANT
WITH HEART SO TRUE ONE WHO LOVES NOBODY ELSE BUT YOU THAT MARRIED DEAR OLD DAD.

> I WANT A BEER JUST LIKE THE BEER THAT PICKLED MY OLD MAN IT WAS A BEER AND THE ONLY BEER I WANT A BEER JUST LIKE THE BEER THAT PICKLED MY OLD MAN.

HARVEST MOON

FOR ME AND MY GAL.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOOM

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON I WANT TO SPOON, TO MY HONEY I'LL CROON LOVES TUNE HONEY MOON, KEEP A SHINING IN JUNE YOUR SILVERY BEAMS WILL BRING LOVE DREAMS WE'LL BE CUDDLING SOON BY THE SILVERY MOON.

OH YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL

AFTER THE BALL IS OVER

AFTER THE BREAK OF MORN

AFTER THE DANCERS' LEAVING

AFTER THE STARS HAVE GONE

MANY A HEART IS ACHING

IF YOU COULD READ THEM ALL

MANY THE HOPES THAT HAVE VANISHED

AFTER THE BALL.

OH YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL

ICOULD NEVER LIVE WITHOUT YOU

OH YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL

YOU GREAT BIG BEAUTIFUL DOLL

ACHE I WANT TO HUG YOU BUT I FEAR YOU'D BREAK OH OH OH OH YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL

WHO OWNS THIS CLUB

THO OWNS THIS CLUB HOO RAW RAW

I DON'T WANT TO BE A SOLDIER
WHO OWNS THIS CLUB HOO RAW RAW

I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR

WE OWN THIS CLUB WE OWN THIS CLUB THE 482D FIGHTER INTERCEPTOR SQUADRON WE OWN THIS CLUB

BREAK RIGHT BREAK LEFT STREAMERS ON THE WING WE ARE THE BOYS FROM THE 482D AND WE OWN EVERY THING

TE ARE THE JOY BOYS OF RADIO HETLO HELLO HELLO WHEN I WAS ONLY A LITTLE CHILD A SEXY BILL BOARD DROVE ME WILD

WE'RE NEVER TOO BUSY TO SAY HELLO WE'RE NEVER TOO BUSY TO SAY HELLO WE'RE NEVER TOO BUSY TO SAY HELLO HELTO HELTO HELTO

WE HAD SOME CHICKENS

MY WIFE SAID "HONEY WE'RE MAKING NO GOL BLIMEY

THERE LAYING EGGS NOW JUST LIKE THEY EVER SINCE THAT ROSTER CAME INTO OUR YARD I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR

(LOUDER) THERE LAYING EGGS NOW JUST LIKE THEY EVER SINCE THAT ROSTER CAME INTO OUR YARD.

I DON'T WANT TO BE A SOLDIER

WHO OWNS THIS CLUB HOO RAW RAW

WHO OWNS THIS CLUB THE PEOPLE SHOUT

I'D JUST RATHER HANG AROUND PICADILLY UNDERGROUND AND LIVE OFF THE EARNING OF A HIGH BORN LADY

> I DON'T WANT A BULLET UP ME ARSE HOLE I DON'T WANT ME BUTTOX SHOT AWAY I'D MUCH RATHER STAY IN ENGLAND JOLLY JOLLY ENGLAND AND FORNICATE ME BLOOMIN' LIFE AVIAY COT, BT, IMEY

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE NAVY I DON'T WANT TO GO TO SEA
I'D RATHER HANG AROUND
PICADILLY ON THE GROUND
AND LIVE OFF THE EARNING OF A HIGH BORN LADY

> CALL OUT THE MEMBERS OF THE OLD ENTRAPE THEY'LL KEEP ENGLAND FREE YOU CAN CALL OUT ME MOTHER ME SISTER AND ME BROTHER, BUT FOR GOL SAKES DON'T CALL ME GOL BLIMEY

WE HAD SOME CHICKENS, NO EGGS WOULD

THEY LAY

WE HAD SOME CHICKENS, NO EGGS WOULD

TUESDAY NIGHT I TOUGHED

WEDNESDAY NIGHT WITH GREAT SUCCE

I LIFTED UP HER BLOOMIN' DRESS

THURSDAY NIGHT I MET HER FAMILY MONDAY NIGHT I TOUCHED HER ON THE ANK. F. TUESDAY NIGHT I TOUCHED HER ON THE KNEE WEDNESDAY NIGHT WITH GREAT SUCCESS

AND THAT AIN'T FUNNY" NO EGGS WOULD

THEY LAY

ONE DAY A ROOSTER CAME INTO OUR YARD

AND COUGHT THOSE CHICKENS COMPLETLY OFF

AND NOW SHE PAYS ME 50 QUID A WEEK GOL BLIMEY

> I DON'T WANT TO BE A SOLDIER I'D MUCH RATHER HANG AROUND PICADILLY UNDERGOUND AND LIVE OFF THE EARNING OF A HIGH BORN LADY

I DON'T WANT A BULLET UP ME ARSE HOLD I DON'T WANT ME BUTTOX SHOT AWAY I'D MUCH RATHER STAY IN ENGLAND JOLLY JOLLY ENGLAND AND FORNICATE ME BLOOMIN' LIFE AWAY

I ONCE WAS A GAY CABELLAPO

I ONCE WAS A GAY CABELLARO WHO WENT DOWN TO RIO DE JANERIO I TOOK WITH ME MY LA TRABULE AND BOTH OF MY LA TRABULAROS

I MET THERE A GAY SENIORITA A VERY GAY SENIORITA I ASKED HER TO SEE MY LA TRABULE AND BOTH OF MY LA TRABULAROS

SHE SAID THAT SHE HADN'T OUGHTA FOR SHE WAS HER FATHERS DAUGHTER BUT SHE SAID THAT SHE'D SEE MY IA :: RAUBLE AND ONE OF MY LA TRABULAROS

WE WENT TO HER CARKITA AND SAT DOWN ON THE SOPHITA I INSERTED WITH GLEE MY LA TRAUBLE AND ONE OF MY LA TRABULAROS

OH PEE ON THAT GAY SENIORITA SHE GAVE ME A DOSE OF CLAPITA SHE GAVE IT TO ME IN MY LA TRABULE AND ONE OF MY LA TRABULAROS

I WENT TO A FAMOUS MADICO A VERY FAMOUS MEDICO HE CUT OFF FOR ME MY LA TRABULE AND ONE OF MY LA TRABULAROS

AT NIGHT WHEN I LAY DOWN TO SLEEPA I MET THE FLYING BOARD, AND THEY GAVE I FEEL DOWN UNDER THE SHEET I FIND NOTHING THERE, BUT A HAND FULL OF HAIR AND ONE OF MY LA TRABULAROS

A TOAST

WE'LL LOOP IN THE PURPLE TWILIGHT WE'LL SPIN IN THE SILVERY DAWN WITH BLACK SMOKE TRAILING BEHIND US TO SHOW WHERE OUR COMDRADES HAVE GONE SO STAND TO YOUR GLASSES STEADY THIS WORLD IS A WORLD OF LIES WE'LL DRINK TO THOSE WHO ARE LIVING AND HURRAH TO THE NEXT MAN WHO DIES COURUS:

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOTS ASS

OH, I LINED UP ON THE RUNWAY AND HEADED FOR THE DITCH

I LOOKED DOWN AT MY PROP, MY GOD IT'S IN HIGH PITCH

I PULLED BACK ON THE STICK AND ROSE INTO THE AIR

GLORY, GLORY HAILELUGAH HOW DID I GET THERE

CHORUS:

OH HALLELUJAH, OH HALLELUJAH, THROW A NICKLE ON THE GRASS

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOTS ASS

OH HALLELUJAH, OH HALLELUJAH, THROV! A NICKLE ON THE GRASS

AND YOU! IT, BE SAVED

OH I FLEW MY TRAFFIC PATTERN, TO ME IT LOOKED ALL RIGHT

I ROLLED ON FINAL TURN MY GOD I RACKED IT TIGHT

THE ENGINE COUGHED AND SPUTTERED, I STARTED IN TO SPIN

MAYDAY, MAYDAY SPINTAIL OPS, I'M GOING TO AUGER IN

CHORUS:

OH I CAME IN OVER THE GOOSE, I THOUGHT THAT I WAS CLEAR

I STARTED IN TO BUZZ, I KNEW THE END WAS NEAR

ME THE WORKS

GLORY GLORY HALLELUJAH, WHAT A BUNCH OF JERKS

CHORUS:

A-FLYING IN THE GUTTER, ALL COVERED UP WITH BEER

DRIED UP PRETZLES IN MY BEARD, I THOUGHT THE END WAS NEAR

ALONG CAME THE AIR FORCE, TO SAVE ME FROM THIS CURSE

NOW EVERYBODY BUST A GUT AND SING ONE FINAL VERSE

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE SHEEP IN THE PASTURE

AND I WAS A RAM, I WOULD MAKE THEM RUN FASTER

CHORUS:

SO ROLL YOUR LEG OVER, OH ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

OH ROLL YOUR LEG OVER THE MAN IN THE MOON!

IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE LITTLE WHITE RABBITS

AND I WAS A HARE, I WOULD TEACH THEM BAD HABBITS

CHOURS:

IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE LITTLE WHITE FLOWERS

AND I WAS A BEE, I WOULD BUZZ THEM FOR HOURS

CHOURS:

IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE LITTLE WHITE CHICKENS

AND I WAS A ROOSTER, I WOULD GIVE THEM THE DICKENS

CHOURS:

IF ALL LITTLE GIRLS WERE LIKE LITTLE OLE TURTLES

AND I WAS A TURTLE, I'D GET IN THEIR GIRDLES

CHOURS:

ZULU WAR DANCE

I'VE GOT A ZUMBA ZUMBA ZUMBA I'VE GOT A ZUMBA ZUMBA ZUMBA

I'VE GOT A ZUMBA ZUMBA ZUMBA I'VE GOT A ZUMBA ZUMBA ZUMBA

HOLD THEM DOWN YOU ZULU WORRIORS
HOLD THEM DOWN YOU ZULU CHIEFS, CHIEFS
CHIEFS

CURT LEMAY OH CURT LEMAY UP YOUR SAC OH CURT LEMAY OH CURT LEMAY UP YOUR SAC OH CURT LEMAY

SAC HEADQUARTERS IS THE SPOT
TWELVE FULL COLONELS, THATS A LOT
TWICE AS MANY GENERALS TOO
SAC HEADQUARTERS IS THE PLACE FOR YOU
CHIKEN, CHIKEN, CHICKEN, CHICKEN,
CHICKEN, CHICKEN, CHICKEN
ETC, ETC, ETC.

PARTIES. BANQUETS AND BALLS (Tune: Take me out to the ball game)

PARTIES, BANQUETS, AND BALLS, BOYS
PARTIES, BANQUETS, AND BALLS
AS PRESIDENT TRUMAN HAS SAID BEFORE
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STAY OUT OF WAR
THAT'S WITH PARTIES, BANQUETS, AND
BALLS, BOYS
PARTIES, BANQUETS, AND BALLS
WE'LL HAVE PARTIES, AND BANQUETS,
AND BANQUETS, AND PARTIES, AND
BALLS, BALLS, BALLS

PARTIES

OH, PARTIES MAKE THE WORLD GO ROUND PARTIES MAKE THE WORLD GO ROUND PARTIES MAKE THE WORLD GO ROUND SO-O-O-O LET'S HAVE A PARTY

OH THE SEXUAL LIFE OF A CAMUEL IS GREATER BY FAR THAN YOU THINK

CHORUS: SINGING TU-A-LIE TUR-A-LIE TUR-A-LIE SINGING TUR-A-LIE TUR-A-LIE AY FOR AFTER A VEEK ON THE DESERT HE MAKES A MAD DASH FOR THE SPHINX

NOW THE SPHINX'S POSTERIOR ANATAMONY LIES DEEP BENEATH THE SANDS OF THE NILE WHICH ACCOUNTS FOR THE HUMP ON THE CAMUEL AND THE SPHINX'S INSCRUTABLE SMILE CHORUS:

THE CAPTAIN HE RIDES IN A MOTOR BOAT THE SGT. HE RIDES IN A GIG IT DON'T GO A GODDAMNED BIT FASTER BUT IT MAKES THE OLD BASTARD FEEL BIG CHORUS:

THE CAPT. HE SLEEPS IN A FEATHER BED THE SGT. HE SLEEPS IN HIS SACK AS A MEANS OF SELF-PRESERVATION THE ALERT CREWS ALL SLEEP ON THEIR BACKS CHORUS:

BOOZIN' BUDDIES

A FIGHTER PILOT LAY DYING THE MEDICS HAD LEFT HIM FOR DEAD

ALL AROUND HIM WOMEN WERE CRYING

HE SUMMONED HIS ROYAL COU
SIAD SHE PREFERRES MY RIVAL

ATTIST RECAUSE MY TOOL IS S AND THESE ARE THE WORDS THAT HE SAID

TAKE THE TAILPIPE OUT OF MY STOMACH
TAKE THE BURNER OUT OF MY BRAIN
TAKE THE TURBINE OUT OF MY KIDNEY TAKE THE TURBINE OUT OF MY KIDNEY AND ASSEMBLE THE UNIT AGAIN

FOR WE ARE THE BOYS WHO FLY HIGH IN THE SKY

BOSOM BUDDIES WHILE BOOZIN' WE ARE THE BOYS THEY SEND OUT TO DIE BOSOM BUDDIES WHILE BOOZIN'

UP IN HEADQUARTERS THEY SING AND THEY

TALKING OF THINGS THEY KNOW NOTHING ABOUT

WE ARE THE BOYS WHO FLY HIGH IN THE SKY BOSOOM BUDDIES WHILE BOOZIN BOSOOM BUDDIES WHILE BOOZIN' BOSOOM BUDDIES WHILE BOOZIN'



THE MINSTRELS SING OF A MIGHTY KING FOR AFTER A WEEK ON THE DESERT

HE MAKES A MAD DASH FOR THE SPHINX

OF MANY LONG YEARS AGO

WHO RULED HIS LAND WITH AN IRON HAND

RIFF HIS MIND WAS LEAK AND TOW

> HE LOVED TO HUNT THE ROYAL STAG WITHIN THE ROYAL WOOD BUT THE SPORT HE LOVED THE BEST OF ALL WAS PULLING HIS ROYAL BUD

HIS ONLY UNDERCLOTHING WAS A FLITHLY UNDERSHIRT IT WAS LONG ENOUGH TO HIDE THE HIDE BUT NEVER THE DIRT

HE WAS WILD AND WOOLY AND FULL OF FLEAS

HIS TERRIBLE TOOL HUNG DOWN TO HIS KNOW GOD SAVE THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLASE.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN WAS A ROYAL DAME AND AN AMOROUS DAME WAS SHE SHE LOVED TO FOOL WITH THE ROYAL TOCL FROM FAR ACROSS THE SEA

SHE SENT A SPECIAL MESSAGE BY A SPECIAL MESSANGER AND ASKED HIS ROYAL BASTARDSHIP TO SPEND THE NIGHT WITH HER

WHEN PHILIP OF FRANCE HEARD THIS HE SUMMONED HIS ROYAL COURT JUST BECAUSE MY TOOL IS SHORT

SO HE SENT A DUKE CALLED ALLENSLAP TO GIVE THE QUEEN A DOSE OF CLAP AND THUS REVENGE THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

WHEN NEWS OF THIS FOUL DEED DID REACH FAIR ENGLANDS HALLS THE KING HE SWORE BY THE SHIRT HE WORE HE'D HAVE OLD PHILIP'S BALLS

SO HE OFFERED A NIGHT WITH SWEET HORTENSE TO THE MAN WHO!D NUT THE KING OF FRANCE

AND THUS AVENGE THE BASTARD KING OF FNGTAND

UP SPOKE THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK BETOOK HIMSELF TO FRANCE DECLARED HIMSELF A FLUTER THE KING TOOK DOWN HIS PANTS

SO HE DROPPED A THONG AROUND HIS DONG AND JUMPED ON HIS HORSE AND GALLOPED ALONG AND THUS AVENGED THE BASTARD KING



THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND (CONTID)

PHILIP ASSUMED A ROYAL STANCE AND HE GROVELED ON THE FLOOR FOR DURING THE RIDE HIS ROYAL PRIDE HAD STRETCHED A YARD OR MORE

AND ALL THE GIRLS IN ENGLAND CAME DOWN TO LONDON TOWN AND THEY SHOUTED ROUND THE CASTLE TO HELL WITH ENGLAND'S CROWN

SO PHILIP USURPED THE THRONE AND HIS SCEPTER WAS HIS ROYAL BONE WITH WHICH HE DOWNED THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

MY FATHER MAKES RUM IN THE BATH TUB MY MOTHER MAKES TWO KINDS OF GIN MY SISTER MAKES LOVE FOR A LIVING MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

CHORUS:

ROLLS IN, ROLLS IN, MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN, ROLLS IN ROLLS IN, ROLLS IN, MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN.

MY BROTHERS A POOR MISSIONARY HE SAVES LITTLE GIRLIES FROM SIN HE'LL SAVE YOU A BLONDE FOR FIVE DOLLARS MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN CHORUS:

MY UNCLS PAINTS REAL FRENCHY POST CARDS MY AUNTIE SHE POSES FOR HIM HER COSTUMES COST NARY A PENNY MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN CHORUS:

I TRIED MAKING SOME KINDS OF GIN I TRIED MAKING LOVE FOR A LIVING MY GOD THE CONDITION I'M IN.

CHORUS:

SIN GIN, SIN GIN, MY GOD THE CONDITION I'M IN, I'M IN SIN GIN, SIN GIN, MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN.

MY FATHER HE DIED IN HIS BATHTUB MY MOTHER SHE DIED OF HER GIN MY SISTER SHE MARRIED MY BROTHER MY GOD WHAT A CONDITION I'M IN.

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN IS LIKE A SHIP WITHOUT A SAIL JUST LIKE A BOAT WITHOUT A RUDDER A MAN WITHOUT A TAIL
A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN
IS LIKE A WRECK CAST ON THE SAND
BUT IF THER'S ONE THING WORSE
IN THE UNIVERSE IT'S A WOMAN WITHOUT A MAN

BILL BAILEY

WON'T YOU COME HOME BILL BAILEY WON'T YOU COME HOME: SHE MOANS THE WHOLE NIGHT LONG I'LL DO THE COOKING HONEY, I'LL PAY THE RENT. I KNOW I'VE DONE YOU WRONG. REMBER THAT RAINY EVENING I DROVE YOU OUT WITH NOTHING BUT A FINE TOOTH COMB. I KNOW I'M TO BLAME WELL AINT THAT A SHAME, BILL BAILEY WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME.

FIVE FOOD TWO

FIVE FOOT TWO, EYES OF BLUE BUT, OH, WHAT THOSE FIVE FOOT COULD DO HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL?

TURNED UP NOSE, TURNED DOWN HOSE, FLAPPER, YESSIR, ONE OF THOSE; HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL?

IF YOU RUN INTO A FIVE FOOT TWO ALL COVERED WITH FUR, DIAMOND RINGS AND ALL THOSE THINGS YOU CAN BET YOUR LIFE IT ISN'T HER.

I TRIED MAKING ALL KINDS OF WHISKEY

I TRIED MAKING SOME KINDS OF GIN

BUT COULD SHE LOVE, COULD SHE WOO,

COULD SHE COOCHY. COOCHY COO. COULD SHE COOCHY, COOCHY COO, HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL?



. TATTOOED LADY

ONE DAY I MARRIED A TATTOOED LADY UPON A BRIGHT SUMMER'S DAY TATTOED ALL OVER HER BODY WAS A MAP OF THE USA AND EACH NIGHT JUST BEFORE SLEEPING I WOULD PULL DOWN THE CORNER AND PEAK

NOW ON HER SHOULDER WAS MINNESOTA, AND ON HER LEG WAS TENNESSEE. ON HER BACK WAS GOOD OLD HACKENSAK FROM THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

NOW ON HER BREAST WAS WEST VIRGINIA, AND THROUGH THOSE HILLS I LONG TO ROAM, BUT WHEN THE MOONLIGHT'S ASHINING DOWN UPON THE WABASH,

IT'S THEN I RECOGNIZE MY INDIANA HOME.

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HE GRASPED ME BY MY SLENDER NECK. I COULD NOT YELL OR SCREAM. HE TOOK ME TO HIS DINGY ROOM WHERE HE COULD NOT BE SEEN HE TORE OFF ALL MY FLIMSY WRAPS AND GAZED UPON MY FORM. I WAS SO VERY COLD AND DAMP AND HE SO HOT AND WARM. I COULD NOT MAKE HIM STOP. HE DRAINED ME OF MY VERY LIFE TO MY VERY LAST DROP. HE MADE ME WHAT I AM TODAY THAT'S WHY YOU SEE ME HERE. A BROKEN BOTTLE THROWN AWAY THAT ONCE WAS FULL OF BEER.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME, O'LORD I'M TIRED AND I WANT TO GO TO BED OH I HAD A LITTLE DRINK ABOUT AN HOUR AND IT WENT RIGHT TO MY HEAD. WHEREVER I MAY ROAM, ON LAND OR SEA OF FOAM, YOU WILL ALWAYS HEAR ME SINGING THIS SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME.



CIGAREETS AND WHISKEY AND WILD WILD WOMEN

ONCE I WAS HAPPY AND HAD A GOOD WIFE; I HAD ENOUGH MONEY TO LAST ME FOR LIFE. I MET UP WITH A GAL AND WE WENT ON A SPREE: SHE TAUGHT ME TO SMOKE AND DRINK WHISKEY.

CIGAREETS AND WHISKEY AND WILD, WILD WOMEN.

THEY LL DRIVE YOU CRAZY, THEY LL DRIVE YOU INSANE.

CIGAREETS AND WHISKEY AND WILD, WILD WOMEN.

THEY'LL DRIVE YOU CRAZY, THEY'LL DRIVE YOU INSANE.

CIGAREETS ARE A BLOT ON THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE.

A MAN IS A MONKEY WITH ONE IN HIS FACE. HERE'S MY DEFINITION BELIEVE ME DEAR BROTHER;

"A FIRE ON ONE END AND A FOOL ON THE OTHER."

CHORUS:

BROTHER REPENT OR THEY'LL WRITE ON YOUR GRAVE, HE PRESSED ME TO HIS EAGER LIPS. "TO WOMEN AND WHISKEY HERE LIES A POOR TAKE WARNING DEAR BROTHER, TAKE WARNING DEAR FRIEND, DEAR FRIEND,
THEY LL WRITE IN BIG LETTERS THESE WORDS AT YOUR END. CHORUS:

THE YOUNG PURSUITER

BESIDE A TEXAS CACTUS ONE BRIGHT AND SUNNY DAY, BESIDE HIS BATTERED F-102, A YOUNG PURSUITER LAY. HIS PARACHUTE HUNG FROM A NEARBY TREE: HE WAS NOT YET QUITE DEAD. NOW LISTEN TO THE VERY LAST WORDS THE YOUNG PURSUITER SAID:

I'M GOING TO A BETTER LAND WHERE EVERY-THING IS BRIGHT, WHISKEY FLOWS FROM TELEGRAPH POLES, AND POKER EVERY NIGHT. WITH NOT A SINGLE THING TO DO BUT SIT AROUND AND SING; WHERE ALL OUR CREWS ARE WOMEN ---OH; DEATH WHERE IS THY STING?

THE YOUNG PURSUITER (CONTID)

LING OH, DEATH WHERE IS THY STING, THE BELLS OF HELL WILL RING A LING A FOR YOU BUT NOT FOR ME.

AIR FORCE LAMENT

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE DAYS OF MEN WHO RULED THE FIGHTING SKY WITH HEARTS THAT LAUGHED AT DEATH AND LIVED FOR NOTHING BUT TO FLY. BUT NOW THOSE HEARTS ARE GROUNDED AND . THOSE DAYS ARE LONG GOME BY.

CHORUS: GLORY FLYING REGULATIONS HAVE THEM READ AT EVERY STATION CRUCIFY THE MAN THAT BREAKS ONE THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL.

MY BONES HAVE FELT THEIR POUNDING THROB, HIT THE BOTTOM A JUNDRED THOUSAND STRONG, A MIGHTY AIRBORNE LEGION SENT TO RIGHT THE DEADLY WRONG. BUT NOW IT'S ONLY MEMORY. IT ONLY LIVES IN A SONG. THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL.

I'VE SEEN THEM IN THEIR T-JETS WHEN THEIR EYES WERE DANCING FLAME. I'VE SEEN THEIR SCREAMING POWER-DIVES THAT BLASTED GOERING'S NAME. BUT NOW THEY FLY LIKE SISSIES AND THEY HANG THEIR HEADS IN SHAME. THEIR SPIRITS SHOT TO HELL.

THEY FLEW B-26'S THROUGH A LIVING HELL IN THE RAGING BURNING SEA OF FLAK, AND BLOODY, DYING PILOT'S GAVE THEIR LIVES TO BRING-THEM BACK. BUT NOW THEY ALL PLAY PING PONG IN

THE OPERATIONS SHACK.

THEIR TECHNIQUE'S CONE TO HELL.

CHORUS:

CHORUS:

YES THE LORDLY FLYING FORTRESS AND THE LIBERATOR TOO, ONCE WROTE THE DOOM OF GERMANY WITH CONTRAILS IN THE BLUE: BUT NOW THE SKIES ARE EMPTY AND OUR PLANES ARE WET WITH DEW. AND WE CANNOT FLY FOR HELL.

AIR FORCE LAMENT (CONT'D)

OH, DEATH WHERE IS THY STING, TING A HAP AF VID BUILD A FIGHTING TEAM THAT SANG A FIGHTING SONG ABOUT THE WILD BLUE YONDER IN THE DAYS WHEN MEN WERE STRONG. BUT NOW WE'RE CLOSELY SUPERVISED FOR FEAR WE MAY DO WRONG. THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL.

TITANIC

OH, THEY BUILT THE SHIP TITANIC AND WHEN THEY HAD IT THROUGH THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD A SHIP THAT THE WATER WOULD NEVER COME THROUGH. BUT THE LORD RAISED HIS HAND SAID THE SHIP WOULD NEVER LAND. IT WAS SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT XX

CHORUS: IT WAS SAD, IT WAS SAD, IT WAS SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT DOWN. LITTLE BITTY CHILDREN LOST THEIR LIVES, THEY LOST HUSBANDS, THEY LOST WIVES, IT WAS SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT DOWN.

THEY WERE OFF FOR ENGA LAND AND WERE HEADED FOR THE SHORE AND THE RICH REFUSED TO ASSOCIATE WITH THE POOR SO THEY PUT THEM DOWN BELOW AND THEY WERE THE FIRST TO GO. IT WAS SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT DOWN.

CHORUS:

OH THEY PUT THE LIFE BOATS OUT AND THE BAND STRUCK UP WITH N'ER MY GOD TO THEE OH THE CAPTAIN TRIED TO WIRE BUT THE WIRE WAS ON FIRE. IT WAS SAD WHEN THAT GREAT SHIP WENT DOWN.

CHORUS:

THAT LITTLE BALL OF YARN

OH, IT WAS A DAY IN JUNE AND THE FLOWERS A RICH GIRL USES VASELINE, WERE IN BLOOM. AND THE ROOSTER CHASED THE HEN AROUND BUT LULU USES AXLE GREASE, THE BARN. I SPIED A PREITY MISS AND I CHANCED TO ASK HER THIS, COULD I DIDDLE IN YOU LITTLE BALL OF

SHE GAVE ME HER CONSENT AND BEHIND THE SHE WEARS A BURLAP BAG. FENCE WE WENT NEVER THINKING I WOULD DO HER ANY HARM. I LAID HER ON THE GROUND AND I RUPFELED UP HER GOWN, AND I DIDDLED IN HER LITTLE BALL OF

NONE MONTHS LATER AFTER THAT, IN A POOL-ROOM THAT I SAT, NEVER THINKING THAT I'D DONE HER ANY LONG CAME A MAN IN BLUE, SAYING BOY I'M SEEKING YOU. YOUR THE FATHER OF A NINE POUND BALL OF YARN. NOW IN JAIL AS I SIT WITH MY FINGERS IN AND THE BEDBUGS PLAYING PING PONG WITH MY BALLS THREW THROUGH ALL THE LADIES AS THEY PASS, THROUGH PEANUTS AT MY ASS ALL FOR DIDDLING IN THAT LITTLE BALL OF YARN.

BANG BANG LULU

BANG BANG LULU, BANGING AWAY ALL DAY WHAT'LL WE DO FOR RANGING WHEN LULU GOES AWAY?

CHORUS:

RICH GIRLS RIDE IN CADILLACS A POOR GIRL RIDES IN A FORD. BUT LULU RIDES THE BEDSPRINGS, /8 TO PAY HER ROOM AND BOARD CHORUS:

A POOR GIRL USES LARD. AND IT GOES IN TWICE AS HARD. CHORUS:

. RICH GIRLS WEAR A KOTEX, POOR GIRLS WEAR A RAG BUT LULU'S BOX IS SO DAMN BIG CHORUS:

THE RICH GIRL WEARS A COAT OF MINK, THE POOR GIRL WEARS A FOX. BUT THE ONLY FUR THAT LULU WEARS IS THE FUR AROUND HER BOX. CHORUS:

A VERY FINE SONG

THERE ONCE WAS A GIRL FROM BERMUDA TO SCREW HER I HAD TO GET SHREWDER. SHE THOUGHT IT WAS LEWD TO SCREW IN THE NUDE SO I GOT SHREWDER & LEWDER AND SCREWED

CHORUS: THAT WAS A VERY FINE SONG SING US ANOTHER ONE JUST LIKE THE OTHER ONE DOOO.

THERE ONCE WAS A HERMIT NAMED DAVE WHO KEPT A DEAD WHORE IN A CAVE HE SAID I'LL ADMIT SHE SMELLS WORSE THAN SHIT BUT LOOK AT THE MONEY I SAVE. CHORUS:

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY FROM DOVER SOME GIRLS WORK IN ICE CREAM PARLORS,

SOME GIRLS WORK IN SHOWS

BUT LULU WORKS IN A BIG HOTEL,

WITH A DOZEN OTHER WHORES.

THERE WAS A LOUNG LAST THOMS

WHO LAY ON HER BACK IN THE CLOVER.

SHE SAID I DON'T GIVE A DAMN IF I

DON'T HAVE A MAN.

CHORUS:

CHORUS:

RICH GIRLS WEAR A RING OF GOLD

THE POOR A RING OF BRASS.

BUT THE ONLY RING THAT LULU WEARS,

IS THE RING AROUND HER ASS.

CHORUS:

THERE WAS A YOUNG GIRL FROM NANTUCKET

WHO WENT TO HELL IN A BUCKET

BUT WHEN SHE GOT THERE

THEY ASKED FOR THE FARE:

SO SHE TOOK OUT HER TIT AND SAID SUCK IT.

THE SCOTCH WEDDING (CONTD)

BLODDY GREAT WHEEL

AN AIRMAN TOLD ME BEFORE HE DIED, OH, THE VILLAGE IDIOT HE WAS THERE, I DON'T KNOW YET IF THE BASTARD LIED; A SEATED BY THE FIRE. BUT HE HAD A WIFE WITH A BOX SO WIDE THAT SHE COULD NEVER BE SATISFIED.

SO HE BUILT FOR HER A PRICK OF STEEL, ATTACHED IT TO A GREAT BIG WHEEL, WITH BALLS OF BRASS TO SUPPLY THE CREAM AND THE WHOLE BLOODY ISSUE WAS DRIVEN BY STEAM.

IN AND OUT WENT THE PRICK OF STEEL, ROJED AND ROUND WENT THE FUCKING GREAT

TIME SHE AT LAST IN ECSTACY CRIED. "ENOUGH, ENDUGH, I AM SATISFIED."

AND NOW WE COME TO THE BITTER BIT. THERE WAS NO WAY OF STOPPING IT. FROM ASS HOLE TO BREAKFAST TIME SHE WAS AND VERY SURPRISED TO SEE

AND THE WHOLE FUCKING ISSUE WAS COVERED WITH SHIT.

THE SCOTCH WEDDING

OH, THE KING WAS IN THE COUNTING HOUSE
A COUNTING OUT HIS WELTH.

YOU COULDN'T SEE THE CARPET
FOR THE CUM AND CURLY HAIRS. THE QUEEN WAS IN THE BEDROOM A PLAYING WITH HER SELF.

CHORUS: SINGING I DID IT LAST NIGHT; I'LL DO IT NOW. THE MAN WHO HAD YOU LAST NIGHT CANNOT HAVE YOU NOW.

IS THE ENTRANCE TO THE WOMB. CHORUS:

OH, THE PARSON'S WIFE, OH SHE WAS THERE

SEATED DOWN IN FRONT.

A WREATH OF ROSES 'ROUND HER NECK,

THEY ALL WENT HOME TO REST.

THEY SAID THEY LIKED THE MUSIC BUT THEY LIKED THE FUCKING BEST. AND A CARROT UP HER CUNT. OHORUS:

OH, THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER SHE WAS THERE SHE"HAD THEM"ALL IN:FITS. DIVING FROM THE MANTLE PIECE AND LANDING ON HER TITS. CHORUS:

AMUSING HIMSELF BY ABUSING HIMSELF WITH AN INDIA RUBBER TIRE. CHORUS:

THERE WAS FUCKING IN THE HAYLOFT FUCKING IN THE RICKS. YOU COULD NOT HEAR THE MUSIC FOR THE SWISHING OF THE PRICKS. CHORUS:

OH, THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH HE WAS THERE HIS HAMMER AND HIS AWIS. TALKING TO THE COUNTESS, AND SHOWING OFF HIS BALLS. CHORUS:

OH, THE VILLAGE PARSON HE WAS THERE, FOUR AND TWENTY MAIDEN-HEADS A HANGING FROM A TREE. : CHORUS &

THERE WAS FUCKING IN THE HALLWAYS. FUCKING ON THE STAIRS. CHORUS:

THERE WAS FUCKING IN THE BARLEY FUCKING IN THE OATS. SOME WERE FUCKING SHEEP
AND SOME WERE FUCKING GOATS. CHORUS:

SINGING "BALLS TO YOUR PARTNER,
OH, THE BRIDE WAS IN THE BEDROOM
YOUR ASS AGAINST THE WALL;
EXPLAINING TO THE GROOM;
IF YOU DON'T GET FUCKED ON SATURDAY NIGHT
THE VAGINA NOT THE RECTUM
YOU'LL NEVER GET FUCKED AT ALL. CHORUS:

> AND WHEN THE BALL WAS OVER CHORUS:

> > THE VILLAGE ELDER HE WAS THERE ACTING LIKE A FOOL PULLING HIS FORESKIN OVER HIS HEAD AND WHISTLING THROUGH HIS TOOL. CHORUS:

COLUMBUS (CONTID)

THREE OLD MAIDS FROM BOSTON

RUB YOUR NUTS ACROSS MY GUTS I'M ONE OF THE WHOREY CREW.

THE FIRST OLD MAID, SHE UPS AND SAYS,

THE SECOND OLD MAID SHE UPS AND SAYS,
WHY MINES AS BIG AS THE SEA.
TIDDLEY I EE, TIDDLEY I OH,
THE SHIPS SAIL IN, THE SHIPS SAIL OUT,
AND NEVER BOTHER ME.
RIG A JIG JIG, BALLS AND ALL, CHORUS:

CHORUS:

COLUMBUS

CAME MARCHING UP THE STREETS OF SPAIN
WITH HIS HAIR BELOW HIS BELLIO.

HE MARCHED UP TO THE QUEEN OF SPAIN
HE ASKED FOR SHIP AND CARGO.

SAYS HE, I'LL BE A SON OF A GUN
IF I DON'T BRING BACK CHICAGO.

SHOVED HIS HEAD IN A PAIL OF WATER,
SHOVED THOSE PISTOLS UP HIS ASS.
A DAMN SIGHT FURTHER THAN I SHAGGED HIS
DAUGHTER.

HE SWUNG HIS BALLS AROUND 10 HE SWUNG HIS BALLS AROUND'O

THEY ALMOST TOUCHED THE GROUND'O

THAT NAVIGATIN' MASTERBATIN, SON OF A

AS I GO WALKING DOWN THE STREET, BITCH COLUMBO.

FOR FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS THEY SAILED THE BROAD ATLANTIC. FOR FORTY DAYS AND FORTY NIGHTS THE CREW WAS ALMOST FRANTIC. THEY SPIED A WHORE UPON THE SHORE AND OFF CAME COAT AND COLLAR. IN FORTY MINUTES BY THE CLOCK SHE'D MADE TWO HUNDRED DOLLAR. CHORUS:

THREE OLD MAIDS FROM BOSTON

WERE DRUNK ON CHERRY WINE.

THE TOPIC OF CONVERSATION WAS
"YOURS IS NO BIGGER THAN MINE."

CHORUS:

ROLY POLY TICKLE MY HOLEY

SLIPPERY, SLIMEY, SLEW

THE CAPTAIN STOOD UPON THE DECK,
HIS PRICK WAS LIKE A MAST POLE.

HE GRABBED THE FIRST MATE BY THE BALLS
AND RAMMED IT UP HIS ASS HOLE.

THE COOK HE HAD A FAIRY FRIEND
WHO HE TREATED LIKE A BROTHER,
AND CORNHOLE ONE ANOTHER. CHORUS:

O'RIELLY'S DAUGHTER

WHY MINES AS BIG AS THE AIR.

AS I WAS SITTING IN O'RIELLY'S BAR

THE BIRDS FLY IN, THE BIRDS FLY OUT,

AND NEVER TOUCH A HAIR

CHORUS:

AS I WAS SITTING IN O'RIELLY'S BAR

LISTENING TO TALES OF BLOD AND SLAUGUIES

WHY NOT SHAG O'RIELLY'S DAUGHTER?

RUB A DUB DUB SHAG ON.

THE THIRD OLD MAID SHE UPS AND SAYS,
WHY MINE'S AS BIG AS THE MOON.
A PILOT WENT IN, IN JANUARY
AND NEVER CAME OUT TILL JUNE.

GUODIE:

GU - CHORUS:

THERE CAME A KNOCK UPON THE DOOR; WHO SHOULD IT BE BUT HER DAD-BLAMED FATHUL IN ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-TWO

A DAGO FROM ITAL-IO

CAME MARCHING UP THE STREETS OF SPAIN

WITH HIS HAIR BELOW HIS BELLIO.

THOU HORSE PISTOLS IN HIS HAND,
LOOKING FOR THE GUY THAT SHAGGED HIS
DAUGHTER.

DAUGHTER.

CHURUS:

PEOPLE SHOUT FROM EVERY CORNER, THERE GOES THAT SON OF A BITCH THE GUY THAT SHAGGED O'RIELLY'S DAUGHTER.



NO BALLS AT ALL

THERE ONCE WAS A GIRL NAMED SARA MCFOX YOU CANT SLEEP WHERE WITH HAIR ON HER CHEST AND CHEESE IN HER SHE WEPT A SAD TEAR BOX

SHE MARRIED A MAN NAMED PATRICK MCCALL WITH A VERY SHORT PENUS AND NO BALLS AT ALL.

THE VERY FIRST NIGHT THEY WERE KED THEY TOOK OFF THEIR CLOTHES AND WENT STRAIGHT TO BED

SHE REACHED FOR HIS PENUS; IT WAS VERY

SHE REACHED FOR HIS BALLS; HE HAD NO EALLS AT ALL.

CHORUS;

NO MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER, OH WHAT SHALL I DO.

I'VE MARRIED A MAN WHO NEVER CAN SCREW
I REACHED FOR HIS PENUS, IT WAS VERY
SMALL

I REACHED FOR HIS BALLS; HE HAD NO BALLS AT ALL.

OH, DAUGHTER, DEAR DAUGHTER, NOW DON'T BE SO SAD.

IT IS THE SAME TROUBLE I HAD WITH YOUR DAD.

THERE'S MANY A MAN WHO WILL COME TO THE

OF THE WIFE OF THE MAN WHO HAS NO BALLS

CHORUS:

THE DAUGHTER WENT HOME;
TOOK HER MOTHER'S ADVICE,
AND FOUND THE RESULTS
MOST EXCEEDINGLY NICE.
A BOUNCING YOUNG BABY WAS BORN IN THE
FALL
TO THE WIFE OF THE MAN WHO HAD NO BALLS

CHORUS:

AT ALL.

LET HER SLEEP UNDER THE BAR

T'WAS A COLD WINTER EVENING
THE GUESTS WERE ALL LEAVING
O'LEARY WAS CLOSING THE BAR
WHEN HE TURNED 'ROUND AND SAID
TO THE LADY IN RED - GET OUT!

LET HER SLEEP UNDER THE BAR (CONT D)

YOU CANT SLEEP WHERE YOU ARE
SHE WEPT A SAD TEAR
IN HER BUCKET OF BEER
AS SHE THOUGHT OF THE COLD NIGHT AHEND
WHEN A GENTLEMAN DAPPER STEPPED OUT
OF THE PHONE BOOTH
AND THESE ARE THE WORDS THAT HE SAID:
HER MOTHER NEVER TOLD HER
THE THINGS A YOUNG GIRL SHOULD KNOW
ABOUT THE WAYS OF NAVY MEN
AND HOW THEY COME AND GO
THOUGH AGE HAS TAKEN HER BEAUTY
AND SING HAS LEFT ITS DEEP SCAR
JUST THINK OF YOUR MOTHER AND SISTERS'
BOYS
AND LET HER SLEEP UNDER THE BAR.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART
I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU
LET ME HEAR YOU WHISPER
THAT YOU LOVE ME TOO
KEEP THE LOVE LIGHT GLOWING
IN YOUR EYES SO TRUE
LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART
I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU

LOCH LOMOND

BY YON BONNIE BANKS AND BY YON BONNIE BRAES WHERE THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT ON LOCH IOMON: OH WE TWO HA'S PASS'D SAE MONY BLITHE-SOME DAYS ON THE BONNIE BONNIE BANKS OF LOCH OH YETLLTAK' THE HIGH ROAD AND I'LL TAK: THE LOW ROAD AN' I'LL BE IN SCOTLAND AFORE YE WHERE ME AND MY TRUE LOVE WERE EVER WONT TO GAE ON THE BONNIE BONNIE BANKS OF LOCK IOMO N1 I MEND WHERE WE PARTED IN YON SHADY ON THE STEEP STEEP SIDE O' BON LOMON' WHERE IN PURPLE HUE THE HIGHLAND HILLS AND THE MORN SHINES OUT FRAE THE GLOAMIN'

CHORUS: